

BRITISH TROOPS SING IN FACE OF DEATH

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

WHAT THE ANZACS FOUND WHEN THEY ENTERED BAPAUME—
SCENES OF RUIN AND DESOLATION IN HISTORIC TOWN.



Anzacs patrol riding through the wreckage in the Rue de Peronne, Bapaume. It was a scene of desolation that met the eye.—(Australian official photograph.)



Engineers replacing a destroyed bridge across the Somme.—(Official photograph.)

Although the difficulties of the Allies increase as they approach the line on which the enemy is falling back, progress continues to be made and important positions are threatened. The German Press is gloating over the damage caused to the evacuated country,



Railway bridge across the Somme blown up near Peronne.—(Official photograph.)

and is ladling out columns of claptrap in connection with the retreat, which the newspapers describe as "a great strategical victory." They were not forced to retreat, it is said, the General Staff having made up their minds on the subject last autumn.

GLORIOUS STORY OF "DIE-HARDS" COURAGE ON "NEW BIRKENHEAD"

Middlesex Men Who Sang in Face of Death.

MINED TRANSPORT.

All Saved—Thrilling Scene Described by a 'Daily Mirror' Man.

THE KING'S ADMIRATION.

The glorious and immortal story of men of the "Die-Hards" (Middlesex Regiment), who faced death singing when their mined transport began to sink off Cape Agulhas (South Africa), and thus upheld the deathless tradition of the trooper Birkenhead, which, almost exactly sixty-five years ago, met her fate not far away from the same spot, is revealed by the War Office in the following communiqué:

The Admiralty transport Tyndareus, having on board a battalion of the Middlesex Regiment, struck a mine at 8 p.m. on February 9, 1917, off Cape Agulhas.

A strong south-easterly gale was blowing, and immediately after the explosion the ship

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

The King sent the following telegram of congratulation:

Please express to the officer commanding the Middlesex Regiment my admiration of the conduct displayed by all ranks on the occasion of the accident to the Tyndareus.

In their discipline and courage they worthily upheld the splendid tradition of the Birkenhead, ever cherished in the annals of the British Army.—George R. I.

began to settle by the head with her propellers well out of water.

The "Assembly" was at once sounded and the men put on their life belts and paraded in perfect order.

Roll was called, and upon the order "Stand Easy" being given the whole battalion began to sing.

Two steamers were at once dispatched to the rescue, and arrived upon the scene half an hour later.

During this trying time, although faced by the probability of imminent death, the troops maintained the same steadfast courage and discipline.

It is noteworthy that the incident took place not far from the spot where the Birkenhead was lost, and never was a tradition of the British Army more worthily upheld than on this occasion.

Thanks to the devotion and perseverance of the captain, ship's officers and engine-room staff, the ship was saved.

The troops were transferred to the two steamers and taken to Simonstown, where the Tyndareus subsequently returned under her own steam with two holds flooded and another leaking.

His Majesty the King was graciously pleased to express his deep admiration of the conduct of all ranks in upholding the cherished tradition of the Birkenhead.

"YOU'RE BRITISH."

A member of the mechanical staff of *The Daily Mirror*, who joined up some time ago and was on board the mined transport, has sent us the following account of his experiences:

"I suppose we only did what any other British regiment would have done when our colonel shouted from the bridge: 'Be steady, men! Remember, you're British!' It was grand to see all lining up at our lifeboats in perfect order. I was so proud to think I was a Britisher. We had a pretty rough time getting to the rescue ships. The boat Frank and I were in took over two hours, and we were being banged up against the propeller for ten minutes before the sailors on the rescue ship got a line to us and pulled us out."

SANG "THE LONG TRAIL."

The Cape newspapers, says Reuter, publish full reports of the splendid behaviour of the British troops on board the transport Tyndareus. The *Cape Times* says:

It appears that about fifteen minutes before the accident the vessel had passed a steamer and was being followed by another, which most of the men were watching at the time. The

Tyndareus was, as one of the men put it, "just getting into her stride," and was rapidly leaving the latter in the distance, when an accident occurred and shook the trooper from stem to stern.

The demeanour of the men suggested not that they were facing death, but that they were parading for long leave.

As soon as the roll had been called and the order "Stand easy" had been given, someone started "The Long Trail," and in a few seconds the whole gathering from end to end of the ship had taken up the haunting refrain of the latest marching song.

The captain, the oldest favourite, "Tipperary," and for half an hour afterwards, while the ominous incline of the deck towards the bows became more and more noticeable, chorus after chorus swept along the lines.

S.O.S. signals were immediately sent out, whilst boat after boat was lowered to the water. One of them was upset in its descent, but a

"KEEP IT UP, LADS."

young seaman, without a moment's hesitation, jumped overboard and succeeded in righting it, and the same man, a liner sailor, distinguished himself by diving from a lifeboat and rescuing the regimental dog "Paddy."

Another example of pluck was given by half a dozen of the troops, who, engineers by profession, volunteered to assist in the engine room and, exchanging khaki for overalls, did splendid work in the most dangerous spot in the ship.

Six boats had been lowered when one steamer, followed a few minutes later by the other, arrived and the work of transferring the troops was begun.

Meanwhile two warships had responded to the call for help and took the crippled liner in tow.

The troops who have landed are enthusiastic in their praises of the officers of the Tyndareus. The captain, who they say was magnificent, found time while directing operations to cheer and encourage the men as they stood singing choruses on the deck.

"Keep it up, lads," he kept shouting to them, "all's well," whilst the troops cheered him again and again in return.

LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

The trooper Birkenhead was an iron paddle-wheeled steamer of 558 horse-power. She sailed from Queenstown on January 7, 1852, for the Cape, having on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2nd, 6th, 12th, 43rd, 45th and 50th Rifles, 73rd, 74th and 91st Regiments.

On February 9, she struck an uncharted pointed pinnacle rock of Simon's Bay, South Africa, and of 638 persons only 184 were saved by the boats.

Cape Agulhas (pronounced A-goal-yas) is the southernmost point of Africa, and is situated 100 miles east-south-east from the Cape of Good Hope.

MYSTERY OF CUNARDER.

Government Asked if Liner was Sunk and Information Suppressed

Mr. Ginnell asked the First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons yesterday, if he would say under what authority the Press was now prevented from publishing any account of any vessel sunk in connection with the war, even when it was a transatlantic liner; whether he would give the House any particulars of a Cunard liner said to have been recently sunk, giving the number of persons on board and the number lost; whether their relatives had been communicated with; whether the cause of the sinking was a British mine.

Dr. Macnamara replied that the answer to the first part of the question was that any such request was made on the authority of the Government.

No discrimination was made between liners and other vessels. It had been decided by the Government, in consultation with the Allies, that only the number of ships lost should be published in order to withhold information from the enemy, who had no means otherwise of obtaining information.



A massive gold mace, to replace the mace of office burnt in the great fire at the Canadian Parliament Buildings, was presented by Sir Charles Wakefield (A) to Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister (B), at the Guildhall yesterday.

NO PRIVATE PETROL.

Drastic New Restrictions for Motor-Car Owners.

THOSE WHO WILL GET IT.

Lord Hylton, replying to a question in the House of Lords yesterday, said that the Government were in full agreement with the suggestion that the supply of petrol for private use should be further reduced. Owing, he said, to the severity of the restrictions, only a small quantity of petrol was being consumed by private cars.

When the existing licences fell due for renewal at the end of April it would be necessary to impose further restrictions.

Private cars, used purely for private purposes, would not receive any allowance at all.

Private cars used also for public purposes would receive a maximum allowance of ten gallons per month, except where the car was used for direct war work.

"IMMEDIATE REPRISALS."

British Measures Expected as Result of Asturias Crime.

The question of reprisals for the sinking of hospital ships (says the Central News) has been engaging the attention of the Cabinet for some time and in view of the sinking of the Asturias it is understood that reprisals will be instituted almost immediately and that an announcement to this effect may be expected shortly.

Fourty-two members of the crew of the British hospital ship Asturias were landed at a British port and were taken care of by the naval authorities. Three had died before reaching port.

The survivors insisted that although regulation lights were shown on the ship she was attacked without warning.

Several of the R.A.M.C. staff and the crew are missing, including some ladies.

A lifeboat, which was summoned by rocket signals, stood by in order to render any assistance that might be required. They learned that one of the missing boats contained three sisters.

One young fellow of eighteen had been in the water an hour when he was saved by a warship.

"NATIONAL PARASITES."

Mr. H. G. Wells and His Nine Questions to Man and Woman.

"Any man or woman now who is not fully occupied either in actual war service, or in the necessary work of keeping England going, is dead weight for our country to carry."

Thus writes Mr. H. G. Wells in an article on National Service. "Here are the questions," he adds, "which men and women must ask themselves. If the answer to one at least of them is not 'Yes,' then is it their plain duty to volunteer for National Service straight away."

"Until they do so they are parasites upon their country; they have no right to call themselves English."

"Am I occupied fully and to the best advantage in producing or preparing food or useful clothing? In distributing the same? In making or transporting munitions? In tending or educating the young? In keeping house for as many as I can manage who need these things? Is some approved or practicable export trade which enables my country to buy necessities abroad? In healing and mending sick and damaged people who can be restored to use? In tending the aged and helpless? Upon public work that cannot be done by anyone older or weaker than I?"

"These," says Mr. Wells, "are the blunt, unavoidable questions of the present time. And they need to be answered honestly."

COMMONS TO SETTLE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Cabinet Will Bring in Bill, Says Mr. Bonar Law.

NOTABLE CONVERSATIONS.

The question of votes for women and votes for soldiers, sailors, mine-sweepers, miners, munition workers and other reforms of the franchise was discussed in the House of Commons yesterday, when Mr. Asquith moved that legislation should be promptly introduced on the lines of the resolutions reported from the Speaker's Conference on electoral reform.

The main points were as follow:

The Prime Minister said the Parliament elected after peace was declared would have to settle questions which would practically determine the course of events in the British Empire and very probably throughout the world for generations.

They could not have the old register.

They must give the soldier, the sailor and the minesweeper the vote. The claims of miners and munition workers had to be taken into account.

It would be an outrage and unjust to ignore the strong claims of women for consideration. Mr. Asquith announced his conversion to the cause of women's suffrage. It would, he said, be neither just nor expedient to exclude women from making their voices heard on the questions that would arise after the war.

ELECTIONS ON ONE DAY.

Mr. Asquith in his speech pointed out that if an election took place next November or December it would be on a register made in 1914.

The recommendation that all elections should take place on one day was one of the greatest reforms ever introduced.

Mr. Clavell Salter moved an amendment urging the Government to obtain an immediate register and to provide means for voting for those electors who are absent on naval and military service.

Mr. Lloyd George, in asking the House to give its approval to the recommendations of the Speaker's Conference, spoke in terms of the highest appreciation of the courage and devotion which had been shown by the women during the war. They had the strongest claims of consideration, which it would be an outrage, unjust and inequitable to ignore.

The Government proposed to leave this question to be determined by the House.

A GOVERNMENT BILL.

Mr. Bonar Law said the war had altered his view on the subject of women's suffrage and he would do his best to prevent any extension of the franchise to men if women were left out.

The Government had decided to recommend the House to adopt the recommendation of the Speaker's Conference, but it appeared that the House desired an attempt should be made to carry those recommendations into effect.

Therefore the Government proposed to bring in a Bill to give effect to the recommendations. Mr. Clavell Salter's amendment was rejected by 341 to 82 and the motion agreed to.

WHAT WAS DECIDED.

A majority of the Speaker's Conference decided first that some measure of woman's franchise should be conferred, and next that any woman who possessed herself, or was the wife of a man who possessed, the new Local Government qualification, or was the co-owner as owner (tenant of land or premises) and had attained a specified age, say, thirty or thirty-five, should have the parliamentary franchise.

POTATO PICKPOCKETS.

Thieves Who Reap a Harvest in the War-Time Queues.

"Potato queues are providing a valuable harvest for the London pickpocket."

This was the statement made to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by a well-known detective.

The thieves, he explained, are very clever and by no means easy to detect. Sometimes it is a disguised working man who "works" the crowd, but women provide the greater bulk of the criminals.

NEED OF NEWSPAPERS.

Mr. Bonar Law stated in the House of Commons yesterday that the Government were fully alive to the fact of giving facilities to the Press as far as the nation is interested.

The reply was given in answer to a question as to whether the Government recognised the necessity for a strong Press in this country, and whether steps would be taken to ensure that the British Press, already working under difficulties in respect of paper supplies and manpower, should not be further impaired in carrying out its national work.

FOE DESTROYERS SHELL DUNKIRK—BRITISH GAINS

Zeebrugge "Cut-and-Run" Craft Fire 60 Projectiles Into French Town.

BRITISH TAKE 2 VILLAGES—1½ MILES PUSH.

French Also Make Progress, but in Champagne Strong German Attack Reaches our Ally's First Line.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Naval Communiqué, Wednesday.—In the night of March 25-26, about two o'clock, German torpedo-boats fired on the town of Dunkirk about sixty projectiles.

This bombardment, which lasted three minutes, caused two casualties.

The torpedo-boats immediately retired at top speed.

FINE NEW SUCCESS BY BRITISH CAVALRY.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

8.36 P.M.—Following up their success of yesterday morning, our cavalry captured during the afternoon the villages of Villers-Faucon and Saulcourt, together with several prisoners and four machine guns.

Last night a hostile attack on our new positions at Equancourt was driven off with considerable German losses.

Further north our troops established themselves during the night at two points on the Doignies-Lagnicourt road after a short fight, and to-day have gained ground south and west of Croisilles, meeting with strong resistance.

We carried out successful raids early this morning east of Aixnoulette and north of Neuville St. Vaast.

GERMANS LAUNCH ATTACK IN CHAMPAGNE.

Enemy Gains a Footing in the First Line of French Trenches.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Between the Somme and the Oise both armies were very active, especially on the Eassigny-Benay front. Our fire dispersed enemy working parties to the south of St. Quentin. There was no infantry action.

To the south of the Oise as well as in the region to the north of Soissons there were patrol skirmishes and lively fusillades at several points of the front.

In Champagne following upon a violent bombardment of our positions to the west of Maisons de Champagne, the Germans this morning launched a strong attack, and were able to gain a footing in some of our first line elements.

All the attempts against Maisons de Champagne were broken up by our fire, which inflicted sanguinary losses on the enemy.

Two surprise attacks against our small posts to the east of St. Hilaire-St. Souplet road and to the north of Tuhure completely failed.

On the left bank of the Meuse destruction firing was efficaciously carried out on the enemy organisations of the sector of Hill 304 (Dead Man).—Exchange.

MORE PROGRESS MADE.

Afternoon Communiqué.—Between the Somme and the Oise and south of the Oise there was nothing to report during the night.

North of the Ailette we made fresh progress. We also advanced further in the sector east of Leuloye-Neufchâtel-sur-Meuse, where we captured an important point of d'Arce.

In Champagne yesterday towards the end of the day and in the course of the night, the artillery struggle assumed a particularly violent character in the region between the Buttes du Mesnil and Maisons de Champagne. The night was calm everywhere else.—Reuter.

"1,000 BRITISH DEAD."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Afternoon.—Berlin, according to Reuter, claims that as evidence of the degree of success with which they attacked the British Army, 1,000 British dead were counted on the battlefield on March 26 between Lagnicourt and Morchies.

The French, on the west bank of the Oise, suffered sanguinary losses, and in Champagne the Germans took some trenches. South of Souplet and near Tuhure 300 French prisoners were taken.

Night.—An engagement near Croisilles (north east of Bapaume) ended in our favour.—Admiralty per Wireless.

DASHING CHARGE BY BRITISH CAVALRY.

Germans Who Bolted and Flung Away Their Arms and Kit.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS, France, Wednesday.—The critics who said that the cavalry were an anachronism and that the retention of them was a survival of processes and men that had been proved false prophets.

During the past twenty-four hours this arm of the service, by skilful tactics and some dashing skirmishing, have captured the villages of Liermont, Guyencourt-Saulcourt and Villers-Faucon.

Equancourt was taken by one squadron of our cavalry. The garrison of the little place continued to fire until the front rank of our horsemen, in wide open order, and with lances lowered, went within 70 yards of the outskirks. They then ran like rabbits, flinging away their arms and divesting themselves of every other encumbrance as they scattered.

The remains of Liermont were entered without opposition, but in the wood east of Longuevesnes the enemy had taken cover.

Finally a troop of cavalry gained sufficiently open ground to enable them to charge, when the Germans broke, leaving nine prisoners in our hands. Six of their number were killed in this charge. Our casualties were very slight.—Reuter's Special.

SIR D. HAIG ON ENEMY'S BARBAROUS DEVASTATION.

Message of Sympathy Sent to General Nivelle.

PARIS, Wednesday.—Sir Douglas Haig has sent the following letter to General Nivelle:

"I desire to express to you the sentiments of deep sympathy evoked in me and in all ranks of the British Armies in France by the barbarous devastations committed by the enemy in his retreat and the cruel and useless sufferings he has caused."

"We are happy to think that we can in a small measure assist our French comrades to attenuate the miseries caused by the enemy's acts of barbarism."

General Nivelle replied:—

"Your valiant troops, like the French troops, will draw from the spectacle of these crimes fresh energy to proceed without respite to their punishment."—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, Tuesday.—The Russian offensive on the Caucasian front continues with success in the Azerbaijan direction, where the Russian advanced guards have entered the outskirts of Mosul. It is likewise progressing satisfactorily in the direction of Bagdad.—Central News.



Map showing Dunkirk, which was shelled by German destroyers.

BILL TO GET MORE MEN FOR ARMY.

Keen Criticism Expected Tonight in Commons.

REVISING REJECTIONS.

The debate in the House of Commons tonight on the new Military Service Bill for reviewing exemptions promises to be of exceptional interest.

More men are needed for the Army, and Mr. Bonar Law's statement on the Bill is awaited with curiosity. The text of the Bill was issued last night at the House of Commons. It is expected that the measure will meet with considerable criticism.

Under the Bill the Army Council may, by written notice, require any man who is of the time being excepted from the operation of the Military Service Acts, 1916, as being

1. A member of the Territorial Force who is, in the opinion of the Army Council, not suited for foreign service.

2. Men to whom this Act referred to as a disabled man (who has left or been discharged from the naval and military service of the Crown in consequence of disablement or ill-health (including an officer or warrant officer, to whom no pension shall be granted in consequence of disablement or ill-health); and

3. A man who had been previously rejected on any ground, either after offering himself for enlistment or after becoming subject to the Military Service Acts, 1916.

to present himself for examination in such manner and within such time, not being less than seven days, as may be specified in the notice...

YEAR'S GRACE FOR DISABLED.

A penalty is provided, not exceeding £5, or a term not exceeding three months' imprisonment, for non-compliance.

Where a disabled man has had at least three months' service with the colours, or where his disablement has been caused or aggravated by naval or military service, no pension shall be granted to him till after the expiration of a year from the time when he left or was discharged.

A man is required to present himself for examination and is not accepted no further notice shall be given him until the expiration of six months.

A notice calling up a man may be served by post at his last known address.

Where a disabled man is excepted from service, or is liable to be excepted, if he was an officer, or if when he was discharged from the Service, he was a warrant officer or non-commissioned officer, be restored to the military rank which he formerly held, unless the Army Council otherwise direct.

The Central News says that the Bill is not so drastic as was suggested in some quarters, as power is not sought to re-examine men classified by the Army Medical Boards in the lower categories.

Mr. Hogge has put down a motion for the rejection of the Bill.

The War Emergency Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society of England yesterday adopted a resolution expressing grave apprehension as to the effect on agriculture of the new Bill.

In view of the already serious depletion of skilled men on the farms and the waste of time involved in this examination, the Committee urge that all exempted and medically discharged men engaged in agriculture should be excluded from the operation of the Bill.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Aviation.—Detachments of our seaplanes made a raid on Berkos, about twenty-six miles north-west of Constantinople, and dropped fifty bombs on the aqueduct which supplies Constantinople with water. The same day another detachment of our seaplanes made a raid on Toulcha and dropped bombs there.

Romanian Front.—South of the River Ussia, about thirteen miles south-west of Moinesti, the enemy attacked our positions and after a desperate fight occupied portions of them.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Between the sea and the Carpathians the spring thaw has begun, preventing fighting on a large scale.

On Magyars Ridge Russian attacks failed. South of the Uz Valley a strongly fortified mountain ridge was stormed and held against repeated counter-attacks. One hundred and fifty prisoners and some machine-guns and mine throwers fell into our hands.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:

Certain training reserve battalions have been selected and specially organised for the training of recruits between the ages of eighteen and eighteen and eight months who are fit for general service and allotted to infantry.

Great importance is attached to the welfare and education of these young men, and the headquarters of these battalions have been carefully selected with this end in view.

YOUTHS IN THE ARMY.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:

Certain training reserve battalions have been selected and specially organised for the training of recruits between the ages of eighteen and eighteen and eight months who are fit for general service and allotted to infantry.

It is not stated whether bombs were dropped.

AIR RAID ON SOFIA.

AMSTERDAM, Wednesday.—According to a Sofia message, an air raid on that city was carried out on Monday morning by seven enemy aeroplanes.

It is not stated whether bombs were dropped.

Central News.

2,104 PRISONERS IN EAST.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Army of the East.—After a violent artillery preparation of the enemy attacked the trenches carried by us on March 26 in the Cervena Stena region, west of Monastir. His attack was stopped dead by our barrage fire.

The prisoners enumerated on the 26th bring the total of our captures in the recent operations round Monastir up to 2,104, including twenty-nine officers, six bomb throwers and sixteen machine guns.

SEE IF THE CHILD'S TONGUE IS COATED.

Mother, Don't Hesitate! If your Child is Cross, Feverish, Constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at your child's tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that the little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once. When peevish, cross, listless, pale, unable to sleep, doesn't eat or act naturally; or if it is feverish, with a disordered stomach and tainted breath, or has stomachache, sore throat, diarrhea, or the "stomach-ness" caused by a cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs" and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste-material digested food and sour bile gently move out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

You needn't coax sick children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt. All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/- per bottle.

Drink Hot Water If You Desire a Rosy Complexion

Says We Can't Help But Look Better and Feel Better After an Inside Bath.

To look one's best and feel one's best is to enjoy an inside bath each morning, to wash from the system the previous day's waste, sour fermentations, and poisons, so that it is absorbed into the blood. Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incombustible material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken each day leave in the alimentary organs a certain amount of indigestible material, which, if not eliminated, forms toxins and poisons which are then sucked into the blood through the very ducts which are intended to suck in only nourishment to sustain the body.

If you want to see the glow of healthy bloom in your cheeks, to see your skin get clearer and clearer, you are told to drink every morning upon arising a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless means of washing the waste materials and toxins from the stomach; liver, kidneys and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Men and women with sallow skins, liver spots, pimples and pallid complexion, also those who wake up with a coated tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, others who are bothered with headaches, bilious spells, acid stomach or constipation should begin this phosphated hot-water drinking, and are assured of very pronounced results in two weeks.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the chemist's, but is sufficient to demonstrate that just as soap and hot water cleanses, purifies and refreshes the skin on the outside, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the internal organs. We must always consider that internal sanitation is vastly more important than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

IN NEWS.



Princess Ingrid, only daughter of the Crown Princess of Sweden, who was seven years old yesterday.



Miss K. Denning, daughter of Dr Arthur Denning, of Denmark Hill, to marry Capt. Osborne Jones.

TWO MEDALS.



Sister Annie Macdonald Wright, who has just been awarded a medal by the French Government. She has served in Flanders, and also holds the British Royal Red Cross.

KILLED.



Lieut. E. L. Lewis, R.F.C., killed after fighting five enemy machines singlehanded. He brought one down.



Capt. Percy F. Craddock, of Weyhampton, killed. He was an expert bomber and keen motor-cyclist.

USE IT AND PROVE IT

After all, this is the only real test. Wash and dry the skin in the ordinary way, then apply OATINE and wipe off with a clean towel. The towel is black with dirt that OATINE has removed from the pores, dirt that soap and water cannot reach. Remember, it's the dirt that is IN, not the dirt that is ON, that spoils a complexion.

Oatine FACE CREAM

is the only Face Cream that can stand this test, hence its success. Use it daily and your complexion and hands will be clear, soft, and velvety. 1/2 and 2/3 of all chemists.—The Oatine Co., London, S.E.1.

QUEEN AMELIE OPENS A LONDON NURSERY.



Queen Amelie (seated) among the children at the Finsbury Day Nursery, Old-street, which she opened yesterday. She has just started the gramophone for the little ones. The photograph also shows the Lord Mayor. On either side of him are the Duchess of Palermo and Lady Mary Howard, who is standing directly behind her Majesty.

DECORATED.



Sergt. Douglas S. Swift, R.E., awarded the Military Medal. He has been mentioned in dispatches.

UNDER THE UMBRELLA.



A policeman, who regulates the traffic at Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., protected against sun and rain.

MISSING.



2nd Lieut. J. R. Garland (Gloster Regt.) and Mrs. A. E. Garland, at Marshfield, Chippenham.



Cpl. W. Williams (Hants Regt.), wounded and missing. Write to 31, Marylebone-street, Southwark.



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HOW I KILLED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ROOT AND ALL.

Hindoo Secret Banished it so it Never Returned After Electricity and Many Depilatories Had Failed.

LET ME SEND YOU MY FREE HELP.

Until nearly middle age I was sorely troubled by hideous Superfluous Hairs. My face was a sight, with heavy eyebrows, on my chin a high beard on my chin. My arms also were heavily covered. I tried one thing after another without success. The electric needle only made the growth worse. Finally, my husband suggested I used it, and in a few days my hair-growth had entirely disappeared. This is not a trace it can be found. It has been killed for ever, root and all. I will send Free and without obligation to anyone full information, testimonials and booklets, so that you can follow my example and completely destroy all trace without wasting your money on worthless depilatory preparations, and write to me today, giving your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss.

I ask is that you send me 2 pence stamp to cover my outlay for posting. Address: Frederic Hudson, Suite 103C, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.I.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a prominent family in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.—(Advt.)

YOU WANT PINK CHEEKS.

Every woman wants pink cheeks. They mean not only beauty, but health.

Then put the colour in your cheeks, not on them. The glow of health is the red of healthy blood showing through translucent skin. It is impossible unless you possess rich, red blood.

When a girl's colour fades and she looks debilitated, is short of breath, when her heart palpitates after every slight exertion and she has pains in various parts of the body, she needs Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. They are the remedy best suited to restore the blood, bring brightness to the eyes, and put colour in the cheeks and lips.

The only other treatment needed costs nothing. It is this. Give the patient plenty of fresh air, moderate exercise every day, not enough to cause fatigue, and use care in the diet, for the food craved for by the anæmic is often not the best for the sufferer.

Start Dr. Williams' pink pills without delay; ask your dealer for them, and be careful to buy Dr. Williams' only.

FREE—If you address a postcard to Book Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, asking for a Health Guide, a useful little booklet will be sent you by return, free.—(Advt.)

HÖVIS

Makes delicious Sandwiches

THE LION LEADS IN CURING.

Est. 1847. It is Nature's Remedy,

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

Cures without painful operations, lancet or cutting, in all cases of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers of the Skin, Foliaceous, Poisoned Wounds and all forms of Skin Disease. Its penetrative power makes it the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles.

SEND 2 PENNY STAMPS FOR SAMPLE.

Brought by Chemists, 9d, 1/3, 3/-, etc. Advice gratis from

E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.



TRADE MARK



Mr. George F. Coleman, a British Red Cross Officer serving on the Italian front, decorated for valour.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1917.

YESTERDAY'S DEBATE.

WE are supposed to be fighting for democracy, and supposed to be living under democracy—momentarily modified for purposes of discipline in war time. . . . The thought prevents us from saying, with our authoritative and absolute friend the *Morning Post*, that "Mr. Asquith and the House of Commons were positively Byzantine and Gibbonian yesterday, in venturing to discuss such a side issue, such an irrelevance, as the suffrage."

For how can democracy conveniently express itself except through its representatives? A system whereby the many-headed ruler, Leviathan, the vast multitude of Everybody, should stand in the street, day after day, talking and discussing and voting, as in some French revolutionary *journée*, is unthinkable for a busily-occupied age! Others must do the talking. Those who are now doing it, cannot be said, on account of the new Long Parliament's old age, fairly to represent anybody but themselves.

It is agreed on all sides, even by the *Morning Post*, that "after the war" we must have new blood in Parliament, if our once-admired British Constitution is to continue to be taken seriously.

New blood, new voices—voices of the soldiers, the workers, and the women who have toiled and suffered for us, and will, by the end of the war, have deserved so well of England. We must have that newness, that invigorating wine, poured into the old vessels. To consider how it should be done is, then, not obviously out of place. Were all consideration of the matter left, as the *Morning Post* suggests, till after the war, the old reproach of "Wait and see" and "Why did you delay?" would be delivered against the present politicians. . . .

Technicities must sometimes be surveyed, if, later, they lead to realities. . . . And, in point of fact, what could the House of Commons have fairly and fully discussed, in place of electoral reform? The enemy? He is always being discussed, in rumour; and, as we suggested yesterday, the more he is discussed, the more obscure he seems to get. We wait upon his intentions, as usual; at sea, especially, parrying his blows, or affirming that they are of no consequence. We believe that a "high authority," in language we are obliged to soften for the uses of family reading, says that we expect a blow or kick in portions of our anatomy, and, when we receive it, proceed carefully to place a patch over the offended spot, asserting that it can't be helped, or else that a kick never repeats itself in one place. *Non possumus!* More can't be done!

We do not dispute it. We merely register it. And to register it is surely important. It can never be too often rubbed in. For the people must be brought to realise that under prevalent conditions, much greater sacrifices and discomforts will inevitably be demanded of them before 1917 ends than in any year yet of the greatest war of our history. When these sacrifices are demanded it will never do for the people to answer, like the "high authorities," with "it can't be done."

W. M.

WINTER SEAS.

The bleak shore is o'erspread
With sea-weeds green and sare, cur'd and dis-
tressed.
As there were mermaid's tresses, wildly torn
For some sea-sorrow. The small mountain-stream,
Swells to a river, laves the quivering beach,
And flows in many channels to the sea.
But still the waves, though strong, will shake for ever.
The solitary sea-bird, like a spirit,
Balanced in air upon his crescent wings,
Hangs floating in the winds, as he were lord
Of all the vastness; and hangs lonely alone.
Natured for such dominion. Spring and Summer
And stored Autumn, of their liveries
Here is no vestige; Winter, tempest-robed,
In gloomy grandeur o'er the hills and seas
Reigneth omnipotent.—THOMAS WADDE (1805-1875).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The noble earth is the sepulchre of noble men. It is not the inscribed column in their own land that makes the record of their virtues, but the unwritten memory of them in the hearts and minds of all mankind.—THUCYDIDES.

FAILURE OF GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION AND THE MOVEMENT.

By AUSTIN HARRISON

(Editor of "The English Review").

WILL the Russian Revolution have any effect upon, or evoke any practical answer from the Social Democrats in Germany? What is the future of Social Democracy?

Up to 1914 Social Democracy was certainly the biggest movement in modern Europe. To-day it fights on the fields of battle in the shape of Nationality.

The whole point of European Social Democracy was internationalism, as stated by Karl Marx. Hence the common term of

summer of war, and international Socialism has shown no brotherhood, but rather a contrary spirit—the spirit of Zeppelinism. The idea of Socialism has proved a vain thing. It is reported that the Kaiser was never so popular as he is to-day. For all practical purposes Socialism might never have existed either as an intellectual creed or as a political principle.

What is the reason of this?

WHEN THE DRUM ROLLS!

I think the reason lies in the revelation that international Socialism was theory and not a living force. Thousands of times the German Socialists have anathematised their Kaiser and his militarism; they never tired of exterminating the system which turned all Germany into a drill-ground for the affirmation of

A BETTER LAND POLICY.

HOPES FOR THE NEW RURAL ENGLAND AFTER THE WAR.

DISADVANTAGES.

"BACK to the land" will mean at least one thing—the utter destruction of the incomparable beauty of the countryside, which will all be built over with hideous red brick.

It will be "back to the land," in fact. It will be "turn the land into the town."

Kingston, Surrey:—A LOVER OF NATURE.

THE CHOICE.

IT is incredible that our fine young men, back from the firing line, will want to "drive quills" and sit at desks again.

Therefore there are two courses open to them—the land or emigration. Do we want our finest and best young men to emigrate? Can we afford to lose them? B. C.

Pembham-street, S.W.

QUANTITY v. QUALITY.

"W. M." well says that "Nature alone is enough to struggle with in life, without war."

Yet even the leading nations fight one another instead of combining to protect Nature. They were still increasing very rapidly, always anxiously hoping that the next harvest would not fail them worse than usual.

Nature insists on a struggle, but perhaps after this appalling war the leaders of the nations will agree to make it a peaceful struggle for quantity instead of a savage one for quantity.

HUMANIST.

THE RIGHT SORT.

THERE are two sides to every question, and we should like to tell our readers that all English servants are not extravagant. If it were not for the willing co-operation and help of mine it would be quite impossible for me to carry out Lord Devonport's rules with perfect ease and comfort to every member of my household.

I think if people would only be careful to get the right sort of maid in the first place they would be as happy and comfortable as I am in my house, and would find that their "servants" became their friends.

ERTHEL M. RITCHIE.

Tollgates, Battle,

Sussex.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 28.—Cabbages are most valuable vegetables for the amateur to grow, and do well upon most soils. A sowing should now be made in good light soil, and later on the young plants must be pricked out into rich and well-prepared ground. These cabbages should be ready in July.

Another sowing should take place early in May for an autumn supply, while plants raised late in July and early in August will be ready for cutting next spring. Carefully protect the seed-bed from birds.

E. F. T.

HOW THESE RUMOURS GET SPREAD ABOUT.



Some old club sleeper, who knows nothing about anything, tells every other club sleeper what a lot of nonsense he has "heard" about everything.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

"comrade" on the basis of class warfare versus capitalism. Its stronghold was in Germany, where no less than a hundred members sat in the Reichstag daily, fulminating against militarism and the existing order of Feudal and Capitalistic government. The German Socialists had the whitest and best-written paper in Germany, with a two-million circulation, which brought in a fat revenue. They were the best speakers in their Parliament. They were supported by many men who were not Socialists, as the strongest fighting organisation, the most enlightened, the most liberal; and they seemed to be rapidly obtaining power as the Central Party of reform and cosmopolitan proletarianism.

Yet when war came Socialism showed no red flag. The revolution so long predicted had no existence. In their tens of thousands the Socialists gathered round the Kaiser and the war, with the gusto of the predatory barons of old into the neutral territory of little Belgium. And now we are getting on for the fourth

power, and now that the very thing they cursed has come only too true, they have no argument, no voice, no reason of being, so infinitely stronger is the live call of Nationality.

Thus the most comprehensive and scientific class movement in modern history collapses at the first roll of the drum, as if it were a dead thing.

It is a highly interesting fact which cannot fail to exercise enormous influence over Europe in the years following the war, for it is scarcely credible that the proletariat will again reassemble under the banner of internationalism seeing that one, if not the main, principle for which we are all fighting is the right of nationality, the right of national self-development.

Those who are concerned with the problem of Labour and Capital may well consider this aspect of the question, for herein they may find the hope of a new communion of interest which will not be mere wooden theory. Roughly speaking, we may say that class in-

terest has provoked this war, the masses only submitted to it, and what we find is that in vital matters of nationality all class feeling disappears.

Personally, I regard that as an astonishingly hopeful discovery. It means that nations think as nations, not as class divisions.

In the case of Germany we have yet to see.

I am inclined to believe that when the Nemesis falls upon the enemy the Socialists will turn upon their Emperor, though this event may not come till after the war. Conceivably it may end the war yet. For it is Hohenzollernism we are fighting, just as in bygone days we fought Napoleonism.

It is the German idea that is wrong, the idea that German Socialists fought so fiercely in their own country and forgot the day war was declared, and the hour that the Germans recover the sanity of their own inherent civilisation not only will peace be possible, but the new foundations of European harmony will have been laid.

IN THE RECONQUERED TERRITORY—GERMAN DESTRUCTIVENESS.

SALONIK



A German sentry-box, now ours. Note the familiar "verboten" on the notice.—(Official photograph.)

Wherever possible, the Huns cut down the trees before retreating, and they have wrought havoc in many orchards. It was not done for military reasons, but for sheer spite.

THE HALAKITE INQUIRY.



Mr. Blanche, the promoter of halakite (wearing soft hat), with his counsel. They are seen leaving after the inquiry yesterday.

VOLUNTARY MUNITION MAKERS.



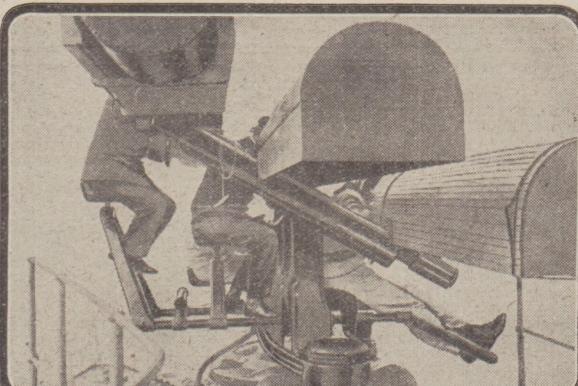
The Rev. H. Brierley instructing a pupil in munition making. All the workers give, their wages to charity, and have sent £100 to St. Dunstan's.

AIRMAN TO WED TO-DAY.



Lieutenant P. F. W. Bush (R.F.C.) and Miss Kathleen Bourne, whose marriage is to take place to-day.—(Lafayette.)

DEVICE FOR DETECTING U BOATS.



Apparatus on board the warship Waldeck-Rousseau for detecting the sound of submerged submarines and their distance away.—(French War Office photograph.)



Trees felled by the Boche across the road at Peronne.—(Official photograph.)

Comitadji leader under a

A CONSOLATION.



Evening dress being officially denied to the Parisienne, she consoles herself with elaborate head-dresses.—(Drecoll.)

HEROES AT THE PALACE—CHAPLAIN WHO RESC



Father and son decorated. Colonel Hobday, C.M.G., and Captain F.



Lieutenant-Commander King, R.N., D.S.O.

Among those decorated at the Investiture yesterday was Lieutenant-Colonel the Rev. Herbert King, who received the Military Cross for rescuing wounded officers under fire.—(D.



The Rev. Herb

TIVENESS.

SALONIKA IN WAR TIME—COMITADJI ARRESTED BY THE MILITARY.



(Official photograph.)



Comitadji leader under arrest. His oilskins conceal handcuffs.—(Official photograph.)

THE PALACE—CHAPLAIN WHO RESCUED WOUNDED.



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ider King, R.N., D.S.O.

The Rev. Herbert Reid, M.C.

at the Investiture yesterday was Lieutenant-Colonel the Rev. Herbert Reid, a chaplain who received the Military Cross for rescuing wounded officers under fire.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

'THREE CHEERS.'



Miss Alleyne Picard, now appearing in "Three Cheers." Her sister, Viscountess Dangan, was also an actress.



The Rev. Herbert Reid, M.C.

at the Investiture yesterday was Lieutenant-Colonel the Rev. Herbert Reid, a chaplain who received the Military Cross for rescuing wounded officers under fire.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

A large crowd assembles to hear the Italian band at Salonika.—(Official photograph.)
The leader of the band of comitadjis who is seen in an adjoining photograph had been making trouble in Greece. He was arrested by a landing party, and brought to Salonika.

COALOWNER AND MATRON.



Sir William James Thomas, coalowner and philanthropist, and Miss Maud Mary Cooper, an assistant matron at Cardiff, to marry shortly.

REMAINED AT HIS POST.



Sir Henry decorating P.O. Nash.



Lieutenant-General Sir W. R. Birdwood (x) visits wounded Anzacs on the western front.—(Australian official photograph.)



Some of the patients at the hospital.

Petty Officer Frederick Nash, who remained at the wheel after being severely wounded, was decorated with the Croix de Guerre by Sir Henry Jackson at the Seaman's Hospital, Greenwich.

PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT



By RUBY M.
AYRES.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY, a charming girl who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France.

PETER LYSTER, who had lost his memory as the result of shock.

JOAN ENDICOTT, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together.

JOHN ARNOTT, Peter's father, a brother officer, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. All the time he is away she devotes herself to cheering her friend, Joan Endicott, whose husband is at the front. In Paris, Nan and Peter live in a little flat, each anxiously waiting for the news that she dreads and hoping for the safe return of the man she loves.

At last news reaches Nan that Peter has been missing. She goes to him and bids him good-bye, and decides to go and see Peter at once.

John Arnott, Peter's friend, takes Nan to the hotel at which he is staying with Peter. He tries to distract her from what he knows, but she is too painful to bear. She asks him to go on alone.

No, he says, "Now, boys—yours—boy's—not to quarrel," she protests. "Go on and tell me some more about Goliath."

"He's nice," Claudio volunteers.

"Nice," echoes Buster.

"And he said he knew you," Jim told her. "He asked what our names were, and when we told him he said he knew you."

Nan nearly dropped the teapot. "Peter," she breathed.

The boys stared at her. "He was an officer," Jim remarked.

Jim relapsed her mildly. "And he had a gold star on his arm—that means that he was wounded," he explained, kindly. "And he's going to meet us again to-morrow. You can come too, if you like," he added.

"Thank you," said Nan, with a little catch in her voice. "But I am afraid he wouldn't want me . . ." She laughed, to try and cover the seriousness of her voice.

"Ask him," murmured Claudio.

"Indeed, you'll do nothing of the kind," Nan declared, sharply. "And anyway, I haven't got time to go in the woods."

But she was glad that the boys had met Peter—glad that the boys had evidently liked Peter. She would love to have seen him with them, she thought, wistfully.

It seemed such an odd situation all together; apparently everyone might be with Peter and Nan except herself for thinking of meeting Peter.

Leaving Sefton outside her father's house, she enters without seeing anyone.

On her father's table is a letter addressed to "Harley Sefton, Esq."

Yet he had never told Nan that he knew her father.

Later Nan meets John Arnott again. He tells her that Peter is staying with him.

Nan asks him if he knows Harley Sefton. "He's a moneylender, and a rotten one at that!" Arnott replies.

CHAINS OF LONELINESS.
NAN looked unfeignedly amazed. "A money-lender," she echoed, impulsively. "Why—why was he a friend of Peter's?"

Arnott did not answer. He was switching aimlessly at the hedge with his cane. There was something faintly embarrassed in his face.

Nan repeated her last words sharply. "Did you know he was a friend of Peter's?" she asked.

"No—at least, I don't remember hearing Peter speak of him, but he wasn't the sort of chap who talked about his own affairs much. Anyways, I recalled, 'why shouldn't he be a friend of Peter's, and a moneylender as well?' 'Oh, there's no reason, of course, but I always thought—'

Nan stopped. She thought Arnott would think her silly if she explained that she had always considered a moneylender a person whose acquaintance respectable people did not often desire. She remembered that Sefton was also a friend of her father's, and that seemed some how to improve matters. Her face cleared a little.

"I mustn't stand talking to you any longer," she said. "Good-bye—I'm so glad to have seen you."

She spoke in unaffected friendliness, but Arnott's face glowed.

"Shall you be about here to-morrow?" he asked, diffidently. "I thought—I thought perhaps I might bring my sister along to call."

"Nan, you know, I'm—" "Well, have you seen him, but—oh, Mr. Arnott, you haven't told her anything about—about me—and Mr. Lyster, have you? I—I do hope you haven't!"

"I haven't said a word, honest Injin," he protested, eagerly. "The only time your name has been mentioned was when Lyster himself spoke about you—"

"Peter!" There was a pathetic eagerness in her voice. "On, what did he say?" she asked.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"He just asked if I'd seen anything of you since we came down," Arnott blushed, innocuously. "I think he was rather pulling my leg, don't you know?" he explained, boyishly.

The elation fell from Nan's face. "I see," she said.

She wondered if there would ever be anything again for her but hard blows. Every time she heard of Peter it seemed to be in a way that hurt more than ever. It seemed insufferable that she should have chaffed John Arnott about her. She bade him good-bye "rather curly and went back to the house.

The boys came rushing to meet her. Where had she been? they demanded. Wasn't tea ready? Nan roused herself with an effort; she chased them all upstairs to wash their faces.

"And now, what have you been doing all the afternoon?" she asked, when she had got them safely established round the tea-table.

Jim had got stuck in a mint leaf, and his position across his mouth at that moment, so for once his younger brother took the initiative.

"We went in the woods," he said.

"Woods," echoed Buster.

Jim had got rid of the crust now, and he took up the tale shrilly as if to make up for lost time. "And there was a gentleman there in uniform, who spoke to us," he informed Nan eagerly. "And he told us he'd been out in France and killed hundreds and hundreds of men."

"Thousands," said Claudio.

Nan laughed. "Quite a modern Goliath, in fact," she said. "But you ought not to speak to strange gentlemen in the wood, even if they are in uniform," she added.

"Buster was crying," Jim explained. "That's why he spoke to us. Buster's such an awful baby," he added contemptuously.

"No, he's not," said Jim. "Now, boys—you're not to quarrel," she protested. "Go on and tell me some more about Goliath."

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(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

heard I'd been in France. They gave me a standing invitation to go to town whenever I liked, and asked what was my favourite jam. I said that perhaps their sister might object, but they assured me that she loved all soldiers indiscriminately, and one in particular—at least that is what I gathered from what she said." "She looked at Arnott. "Is Miss Marraby engaged?" he asked.

Arnott blushed furiously. "Yes—no . . . at least, I think she was, and it's been broken off," he stammered. "She isn't engaged now, anyway," he added almost angrily.

Lyster looked faintly surprised. "Well, there's no need to look so angry," he said mildly.

He took the little bunch of sweet-scented flowers from his cap and sniffed them appreciatively.

"It's good to be in the country again," he said, with a half-sigh. "Does Miss Marraby always live here?"

"No; but her stepmother has just died and she's looking after the boys. They're only her stepbrothers, you know."

"I thought there wasn't much likeness," Peter said absently. "They're jolly little chaps, any of them," he added. They had turned into the main road that led to the village now, and a man on horseback coming slowly up the road had pulled up sharply as he saw Peter and called out to him:—

"Lyster—by all that's wonderful! My dear fellow!" He leaned down from the saddle and held his hand to Peter, but after the first blank look of unrecognition Peter had drawn back a step.

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid . . ." He coloured sensitively and glanced appealingly at Arnott. "I'm afraid I don't remember you, too," he said, with an odd sort of nervousness.

Harley Sefton stared. "Not remember me? What the dickens! I'm Harley Sefton, man! Not remember me! Why we had dinner together in town the night before you left England!" He laughed, and slapped Peter on the broad shoulder. "Not remember me! Come, come, it's a good joke."

Peter laughed. "I'm sorry, but just for the moment he's holding hands with the elder man reluctantly. There was an awkward pause, then, "Are you—er—living down here?" Peter asked.

Arnott felt horribly sorry for him. He knew now that the dead what Peter had no more idea than the dead to whom he was talking, even though he had heard the name.

"I've taken a house for the summer," Sefton answered. "You must come and see me. It's an old coincidence meeting you. I travelled down from town last week with a friend of yours—Miss Marraby."

"Miss Marraby is a friend of Arnott's," Lyster said quickly. "May I introduce you? Arnott—the son of—His—"

Arnott nodded rather curiously. There was a few minutes' desultory conversation; then Sefton gathered up the reins and said he must be going on. There was a queer look in his eyes as they rested on Peter. As soon as he was out of earshot Peter broke out with a sort of rage:—

"I don't know who he is. It's—it's damned! This is the sort of thing I'm in constant fear of. It makes me sick such a confounded fool!" He looked sickened.

"Some day I suppose some woman will turn up and declare she's my wife—and I shan't be in a position to contradict her if she does."

"Rubbish!" Arnott said briskly. "You're a lot better already—and, anyway, there's nothing to be ashamed of."

Lyster stopped and looked back down the road. The man on horseback had drawn rein again and stood by the saddle and was looking back at the two young men.

"I'm going back to speak to him," Peter said suddenly; he strode back down the road.

"Look here," he said, abruptly, when he reached Sefton's side. "I'm sorry if I ought to have known you and didn't, but—if you must know the truth, I—I had a nasty knock-out blow in France, and . . . well, my memory isn't what it ought to me. I didn't mean to be intentionally rude. It's a sore subject with me—perhaps I'm unusually sensitive about it—but that's the truth. I hope you believe me."

"My dear chap—of course, I only too sorry. Come along and see me some day—I live at the Red House at Little Gadsden."

Peter thanked him rather off-handedly; he was wondering painfully if he had ever really been a great friend of this man's; he was not particularly prepossessed in his favour now at any rate.

Marry told me you were home," Sefton said again.

"Did she?" Peter knit his brows. "Odd that you should know her, too," he said, rather constrainedly. "She's a friend of Arnott's, you know—seen rather a nice sort of girl."

Sefton stared; for a moment he thought he could not have heard aright.

A nice sort of girl! And only a few months ago Peter and Nan Marraby had been engaged! For a moment he could think of nothing to say—they all at once the truth flashed across his mind.

If Peter had so completely forgotten him—Sefton—he must also have forgotten Nan Marraby. It seemed incredible when he looked back and thought of that last night in town and Lyster's devotion to the girl of whom now he he said that she "seemed rather nice."

If this were true—or supposing it were not true? Supposing Peter was only acting a lie to get rid of a woman of whom he had already grown weary!

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.



A Boon to WOMEN WAR-WORKERS

WOMEN War Workers find that the grit and grime of the munition factories, the long hours of toil, and the exposure to fetid air and bad weather are injurious to the skin. Fortunately, they have in Ven-Yusa Cream a preparation specially designed to protect the skin's natural softness and purity, and to banish every trace of pallor and jadedness after the day's work.

Ven-Yusa is a necessity—a "health cream" which by means of its special oxygen properties does the skin real good.

Thousands of women make the use of Ven-Yusa an inseparable part of their daily toilet. They even take their jars of Ven-Yusa with them to office and factory in order to freshen themselves up at any needful opportunity.

Women war-workers know from personal experience that no other toilet cream can be so invigorating, so agreeable, or so beneficial.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen 'Wonder Cream.'

1/- per jar at Chemists, Stores, &c., or from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

A Theatrical Wedding.

THE ARMY AND THE STAGE were united at St. James, Spanish-place, yesterday, when Miss Ena Grossmith, the only daughter of Lieutenant George Grossmith, R.N.V.R.—do you recognise the Gaiety favourite under that appellation?—was married to Captain A. R. Mawson. The church was full of actors and actresses, and the best man, like the bridegroom, was a soldier.

How to Look Young.

MR. GROSSMITH, I am told by a friend who was present, wore his naval uniform. How well it suits him! I saw him a few weeks ago at the Strand Theatre—it was the first night of "Under Cover"—and could not help remarking to a friend upon his extraordinarily youthful appearance. A naval uniform appears to be a wonderfully potent rejuvenator.

A Pre-War Souvenir.

AN AMUSING incident in "The Double Event" is the presentation by the office boy of a wedding gift to the lady "bookie," Miss Ethel Irving. The gift is a combined automatic cigarette box, cigar cutter and lighter, in the form of a miniature Zeppelin. I am told that this novel smoker's companion was won by Mr. Sydney Blow, one of the authors of the play, nine months before the war at a whisky drive conducted by a German now interned.

The Mark of the Blond Beast.

GERMANY—HER MARK: Red Cross.

An Irish Player.

I SAW—and heard—Mr. Arthur Sinclair, the Irish character comedian, in Mr. J. B. Fagan's little farce, "Dr. O'Toole," at Chiswick Empire. He recalled the days long ago when the Abbey Theatre players were the talk of the town at the Court Theatre.



Mr. Arthur Sinclair.

Hibernian Humour.

MR. SINCLAIR was, I believe, the "discovery" of Mr. W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. He has a keen sense of humour, a fine voice, expressive eyes, and a deep knowledge of the traits of the Irish peasant. His Dr. O'Toole is coarser and noisier than the parts he had at the Abbey Theatre, but he gets every ounce of humour out of the part and gets it across the footlights.

Closed in Holy Week.

MR. CLARENCE HURST writes to tell me that the Duke of York's Theatre will be closed during Holy Week, except on Saturday, when there will be two performances of "Daddy Long-Legs." During Easter Week two performances will be given daily. The Savoy Theatre will also, I understand, be closed on the first five days of Holy Week.

Sunday Concerts for "Tommy."

PERHAPS inspired by the example of Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Frank Armstrong is giving free Sundays concerts for soldiers at Aeolian Hall. The entertainment is not entirely of the classical order. "Rag-time" and comedy songs and stories by well-known raconteurs are given.

A Wagnerian Parrot.

IT IS NOT OFTEN you find a parrot who can whistle Wagner, but such a bird is owned by the dramatist, Mr. Louis N. Parker. The playright is—or was—an enthusiastic Wagnerian, and the parrot has caught the infection.

Charades as Advertisements.

SINCE the abolition of posters the playing of charades is being turned into a commercial asset. I am constantly coming across a cart holding a British "Tommy" drawing two Germans in a noose. This, keen charade players will realise, advertises "The Catch of the Season."

Helpful Suggestions.

CAN'T you see a breakfast dish concealing bacon rashers for "Under Cover" and a bargain counter for "Remnant"? The idea, indeed, is capable of almost infinite expansion.

British Workers' League.

I CALLED in at the British Workers' National League yesterday morning, expecting to hear Mr. John Hodge address the first annual conference. But Mr. Hodge was engaged elsewhere helping to quell a strike disturbance.

Firat Resolution.

MR. J. F. GREEN was in the chair, and I stayed to hear the first resolution, which struck a note of high patriotism, moved by Mr. J. A. Seddon. An old friend, in the person of Mr. Joe Terrett, seemed to be acting as honorary Press steward.

Canada's New Mace.

IN THE AFTERNOON I looked in at the Guildhall to see Sir Robert Borden receive Canada's new mace. I was duly ushered into the Council Chamber by a number of stately gentlemen with white wands in their hands. A band played lively tunes while we were being shepherded into our seats of honour.

The Speeches.

THE LORD MAYOR in his robes of office welcomed Sir Robert, who had an enthusiastic reception. Sir Charles Wakefield, one of the donors of the new mace, made an eloquent speech on Empire, and Sir Robert responded in characteristic vein.

Novel Luncheon.

A WELL-KNOWN HOSTESS, who insists upon her servants doing war work on certain days of the week, is giving novel luncheon-parties during their absence. All the guests are compelled to cook their own food. The fun in the kitchen is said to be more appreciated than the food itself. I don't wonder!

Prayers and Patriotism.

THERE is a little old woman who sells papers "somewhere in London." And as she sits waiting for buyers she knits socks and mufflers. The wool, she told me, is supplied by an old customer. She sends each knitted gift to "Tommy" with an unsold magazine.



Miss Nancy Buckland, who is appearing in "The Other Bint Boy" at the London Opera House.



Mr. Arthur Playfair, who has terminated his engagement in "Vanity Fair."

A Spring Tonic.

I HAVE just spent a couple of hours with an advance copy of "Carada in Khaki," and I defy the dullest pessimist to damp my present high spirits. The humorous drawings alone are worth the half-crown that this wonderful souvenir book of Canada at war will cost you. But the volume is packed with splendid stories, brilliant articles, war poems of exceptional merit, and there are ten superb coloured plates.

Make a Note of It.

THE PUBLISHER tells me that orders for "Canada in Khaki" are coming in by every post in ever-increasing numbers. There is every indication of a tremendous boom. Monday next is the day of publication, but if you are wise you will order your copy from your newsagent to-day.

Edmund John.

EVERY LOVER OF POETRY will be grieved to hear of the death at Taormina, Sicily, of Mr. Edmund John. That brilliant young poet was recently discharged from the Artists' Rifles, owing to a weak heart. Unfortunately, he never recovered.

A Loss to Poetry.

I CAN remember the enthusiasm with which Mr. John's first book of verse, "The Flute of Sardonyx," was received in critical circles. It contained an appreciation by Stephen Phillips—whose untimely death was another of the many losses which literature has sustained since the outbreak of the war.

THE RAMBLER.



Little Miss Vi

who plays her part in helping to win the war as the mascot of Vi-Cocoa—Britain's great Food-and-Drink product is giving away

£1 War Certificates

You can get one every week until the end of April, 1917. Little Miss Vi is making this distribution as the representative of the Watford Company, whose big factory at Watford employs upwards of 1,000 happy workpeople under ideal conditions of health and cleanliness. At this factory are made Vi-Cocoa, the beverage which is so easy to digest and full of strength and stamina; Freemans Soups—Real Turtle, Tomato and other kinds—and other delicacies.

A DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET and 2/- VOUCHER for War Certificate Scheme FREE on Application.

Vi-Cocoa

V 22



Sir Ray Lanksster, the church workers were starting a "no cakes for tea" society. When the idea was first mooted there was much opposition, but the movement is making headway.



Baroness Beaumont is now laid up with measles at her London residence.

THE RUSH TO THE DOCTOR.

Result of Government's Intention to Re-examine Rejected Men.

THERE SEEMS to be an extraordinary revival of medical activity among civilians just now. Not for many months have private doctors been so busy examining men of military age. One doctor in North-West London told me that twenty-five men visited him yesterday to learn the true state of their health.

The Cause of the Commotion.

PRESUMABLY the Government's intention to re-examine all men of military age who have been rejected as medically unfit at any time since the war started is the cause of the commotion. I heard that the man-power authorities hope to sift out a new army for service abroad as big as the original expeditionary force by the re-examinations and the reclassification of all as either "A" or "B" men.

Man Power.

I HEAR that Mr. Bonar Law will make a very important statement on Man Power today, when the Bill for securing medical re-examination of men will be debated on second reading. I am told there has been a close overhauling of the Man-Power question, and that Mr. Bonar Law will deal definitely with the conclusions at which the Government has arrived.

A Distinguished Spectator.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD was, I noticed, at the House of Commons last night to hear her son, Lieutenant Arnold Ward, speak on woman's suffrage. Before the war she was one of the keenest antagonists of the militant suffragists. Lieutenant Ward, who was called to the Bar in 1903, is well known as a cricketer, and has travelled widely in the East as special correspondent of *The Times*.

How Legislators Travel.

WHEN I crossed Parliament-square yesterday afternoon there were only a couple of taxicabs in New Palace-yard. Before the war taxicabs were in huge demand at Westminster. In these days of stern economy legislators of both Houses display a marked preference for the Underground Railway.

Typewriters in the Army.

NOW that the import of typewriters is forbidden I hear that the prices of second-hand machines are mounting rapidly. Some people have made nice profits in disposing of old ones. One friend had twenty replies from Army officers when he advertised his. Few people realise how extensively the typewriter is used in the Army nowadays.

Fights to Save Life.

CHATTING recently with Sir Ray Lanksster, he told me that one of the medical triumphs of the war has been the successful cure of severe shrapnel wounds, not by antiseptics, but by fostering the natural tendency of the phagocytes in the blood to destroy poison germs. Often, he told me, shrapnel victims are kept for weeks in baths of sterilised water, which irrigate their wounds and help the phagocytes to kill their enemies.

Cakewalk Tea.

I MET a lady yesterday who lives in a cathedral city. Discussing war economies, she said the church workers were starting a "no cakes for tea" society. When the idea was first mooted there was much opposition, but the movement is making headway.



Sir Ray Lanksster.

HAWTHORN HILL RACING.

Rubinstein Wins Holyport 'Chase
for Major Douglas-Pennant.

Excellent sport of moderate class was shown at Hawthorn Hill yesterday. Major Douglas-Pennant carried off the chief prize, the Holyport Steeplechase (Class L) with Rubinstein. For to-day my selections are:

- 1. 6-10. **WOKINGHAM CHASE.** 2.60. COURTH BLEDDYNN.
- 2. 45. **KINGS' YEAR.** 3.15. CHANG.
- 2.15. **MARSH BACK.** 3.45. IVANHOE.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.
*CHANG and IVANHOE. BOUVIERE.

HAWTHORN HILL PROGRAMME.

1.00—MARLOW HURDLE RACE, 85 sows; 3m.	Yrs 1st lb	lb
aLord Nicasius a 11 7	The Bore 6 11	
aSister Tilly a 12 4	Waterloo 6 11	
Kannan a 12 4	Comfort 6 11	
Roy Barker a 12 2	Sure Chanc 6 11	
Nugget a 12 2	Unlucky 6 11	
Roman a 12 0	Over Anxious 6 10	
Usury a 11 15	Waterfield 6 10	
aLad's Lovers a 11 15	aHedgerow 6 10	
aMenlo a 11 7	Wad 6 10	
Sabaria a 11 10	Sweet Willie 6 10	
aPrince Francis a 12 4	Wise and Pale 6 10	
aNeast a 11 10	Baldorley 6 10	
aBallyhust a 11 9	Cardroves 6 10	
King Yester 6 11 8	Elbow 6 10	
aLifford a 11 6	Looman 6 10	
Wiston II a 11 6	Rhodocent Dhu 6 10	
2.45—WOKINGHAM CHASE, 100 sows; 2m.	Yrs 11 12	
Fashion a 12 5	Mavonement's Gift 6 11	
aScarlet Button a 12 5	Kewave 6 11	
Sweet Willie a 11 12	Hansard 6 11	
aWater a 12 5	Rock 6 11	
Hollieck a 11 12	Asvel 6 11	
aPrince Edgar a 11 12	Broomhead 6 11	
aMaiden a 11 12	Flaxseed 6 11	
Weslon 6 11 12	aAntipater 6 11	
Tommy Hop a 11 12	Dibbles 6 11	
aKingsman 6 11 12	Sarson Boy 6 11	
Willie Guiney 6 11 12	Marinix 6 10	
Chateau Vert a 11 12		
2.45—ASCO DOUBLE HURDLE RACE (Class I), 100 sows; 2m.	Yrs 11 12	
The Binkin 5 12 7	Varch 5 10	
White Prophet 6 12 2	Carol Singer 5 10	
aThe Devil 6 12 2	Chang 6 11	
aCourt Bleeding 6 12 2	Hebron 6 10	
Cirrus 5 11 2	The Guller 6 10	
Tom Berney 4 11 1	aHannigan 6 10	
aDame 6 11 1	aOld Blue 6 10	
aEdnam's Belle 5 11 1	William Orme 4 10 2	
aSensitive Symons 6 10 15		
3.15—HOLYPORT DOUBBLE CHASE (Class II), 100 sows; 2m.	Yrs 11 12	
The Binkin 5 12 7	Varch 5 10	
White Prophet 6 12 2	Carol Singer 5 10	
aThe Devil 6 12 2	Chang 6 11	
aCourt Bleeding 6 12 2	Hebron 6 10	
Cirrus 5 11 2	The Guller 6 10	
Tom Berney 4 11 1	aHannigan 6 10	
aDame 6 11 1	aOld Blue 6 10	
aEdnam's Belle 5 11 1	William Orme 4 10 2	
aSensitive Symons 6 10 15		
3.45—MODERATE HURDLE RACE, 90 sows; 2m.	Yrs 11 12	
Tom Berney 4 11 1	aBethelium 5 10 10	
aOld Blue 5 11 1	Wandering Wolf 5 10 10	
aBlue Moon 5 11 1	aHannigan 5 10 10	
Ronade 6 11 1	Triple Blue 5 10 10	
Transval 6 11 1	Short Leg 5 10 10	
Guncannon 6 11 1	aIdiot 5 10 10	
Blingsome 6 11 1	Tiberian 5 10 10	
aCambyse 6 11 1	Idiot 5 10 10	
Alvanice 4 11 1	Turbine Scoundrels 4 10 10	
aHolline Lane 5 10 10	aWaterfern 4 10 10	
aArdath 5 10 10	Refect 4 10 10	
aGhata 5 10 10	Forget 4 10 10	

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. New Musical Comedy. **HIGH JINKS.** Tonight, at 8. Mat., Weds. and Sat., at 2. MARIE BLANCHE, W. H. BERRY, TAYLOR, H. COOPER, ETC. Tel. 644-1011.

AMBASSADORS. Evenings, 8.30. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 2.30. GONZAGUE, THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMBLE, THE DUMBLE DUMBLE, COMEDY—André Charlot's Revue. **SEE-SAW.** with John Humphries and Phyllis Monkman.

CRITERION. 2.30 and 8.30. **The Celebrated Fare.** Evenings, at 8.30. Mat., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A LITTLE LADY. Matinee, 2.30.

Produced in Oct.—**THE LITTLE LADY.** RUNNING MERRILY DALY'S. **AT 8.** **THE RAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.** THE GEORGE EDWARDS Production. See Caines, Max, and others. Ladies' Dressing Room, Lower, The Strand. Arthur Wooster, Mat., Tues., Sat., 2, EXTRA MATS. THURSDAY, from April 12, at 2.

DRURY LANE. 7. D. W. GRIFFITHS Spectacle. INTOLERANCE.

TWICE DAILY. 2.30 and 8.30. Office now open.

DUKE OF YORK. 2.30 and 8.30. **DADDY LONG-LEGS.** Rene Kelly, C. Aubrey Smith, Fred Davies.

DALY'S. **AT 8.** **THE RAID OF THE MOUNTAINS.**

GAETY. Nightly, at 8. **THEODORE AND CO.** Matinees, Weds. and Sat., 2.

GARRICK (over, 8.30). **WONDERFUL JAMES!** A Comedy. Louis N. Parker, May Murray Carson.

TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. **MADELINE.** Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MARION TERRY. Subsequent evenings. **AT 8.** **GABY DESLYS and Harry Pilcer,** with Stanley Lupino, in.

SUZETTE. **MONDAY.** Mat., 2.30.

HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8.30. **GENERAL POST.** Madge Tilleridge, Lilian Braithwaite, George Tully, Norman McKinnell, etc. **THURSDAY.** Mat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. **AT 8.** **CHU CHIN CHOW.**

A MUSICAL COMEDY. Mat., 2.30.

NEW SCENES, SONGS and COSTUMES.

MATINEES every Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S. **AT 8.** **THE DOUBLE EVENT.**

ETHEL IRVING, ALLAN AYNEWORTH, etc.

Next Week Daily, at 2.30. **Ergo.** Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.15.

ROYALTY. **AT 8.** **THE DOUBLE EVENT.**

ETHEL IRVING, ALLAN AYNEWORTH, etc.

Matines. Thursdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

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GEORGE'S. **AT 8.** **THE DOUBLE EVENT.**

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READ MR. BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLE IN "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

Daily Mirror

MISS GROSSMITH MARRIED.



The bride with her father, Lieutenant George Grossmith, R.N.V.R.

RUBY RED BODICE.



Bodice of ruby red crepe with a wide belt and a white collar to match the skirt.

AIRMAN KILLED.



Mr. J. B. Simmons, who fell from a great height and crashed through a roof.

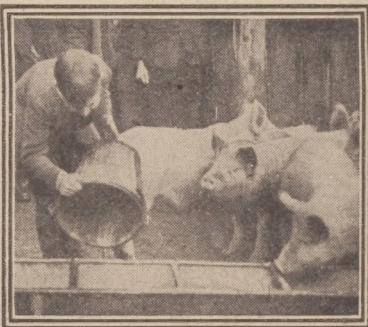
PIG STIES IN A SCHOOL PLAYGROUND.



Miss Barton giving the boys a lesson. She takes great interest in the enterprise.



Keeping the pigs clean.



The arrival of dinner.

The boys at the village school at Shenley, Herts, are keeping pigs. Sties are being built in the playground, and meanwhile the animals are being kept near by. Miss Barton, the teacher, is instructing the lads with the aid of a local farmer.

SOLDIER-TAILOR THE HERO OF NEW COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET.



Miss Madge Titheradge and Mr. George Tully, the martial tailor.

The world is upside down as a result of the war. This is the theme of "General Post," Mr. Harold Terry's brilliant new comedy, in which a super-tailor becomes a brigadier-general.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Miss Madge Titheradge and Miss Lilian Braithwaite (in dark dress).